He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtered there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Coſin, I thinke thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke under my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to doe,
That I that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſwaſion. *Enter a meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride upon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arrivall of an hower,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent forbearing them is juſt *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace,
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, only this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and here draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let us all imbrace,

For heaven to earth, ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time doe ſuch a courteſy.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King enters with his power, alarum to the battell: then enter Dowglas, *and* Sir Walter Blunt.
Blu. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke upon my head?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe: for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſſe thou yeeld thee as a priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight; Dowglas kils Blunt; then enters Hotſpur.
Hot. O *Dowglas!* hadſt thou fought at *Holmſdon* thus,
I never had triumpht over a *Scot*.
Dow. Al's done, al's won, here breathleſſe lies the King.
Hot. Where? *Dow.* Heere.
Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furniſht like the King himſelfe.
Dow. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.
Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates:
I'le murder all his Wardrop, piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King. *Hot.* Up and away.
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.
Alarum, Enter Falſtaffe ſolus.
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I feare the ſhot heere: heer's no ſcoring but upon the pate. Soft, who are you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heer's no vanity.